

# RE.

THE

CHARACTER

The *Character* of a *Man* is *not* to be *judged* by *his* *Words*, *but* by *his* *Deeds*, and *the* *only* *Passion* of *Men* that *disorders*, and *drives* out of *Good* *Humour*, is to *find* *fault*, *and* *not* to *admire*, *confound* and *leave* *nothing* *but* *Exception*.

SHARPSHOOT'S Charactericks.

L O N D O N

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THE  
SATIRIST

SATIRE



To his Grace the

N. B. This Poem was intended to have made  
it's Appearance much sooner ; but thro' una-  
countable unforeseen Accidents the Publication  
has been retarded.







T H E  
SATIRISTS, &c.

**A** While to Satire we have seen a Truce ---  
The Town now fills, and now expect Abuse;  
Expect new Characters in Prose and Song,  
Inhuman butcher'd by the Scribling throng:  
Empty their Pockets, ravenous they fall to,  
And all is Carrion, they think fit to Blow.

If Peace, Then War shall be the Party Cry;  
If War - - - We cannot raise one more Supply:  
Still Murmuring, Thwarting, Inconsistent still;  
Nothing with them is Right, act how you will;  
Whate'er's pursu'd, alternate still They rave;  
To Day They wou'd---To morrow wou'd not have.

Yet shall they Plague with others Faults the Town,  
And hope t'escape uncensur'd with their own?  
The task be mine - - - Rise all inspiring Spleen!  
Like Modern Wits, be gloomy to be Keen.

Satire !



On Satirists selves thy Vengeance pour!  
And Saturn-like thy Progeny devour!  
There point the Shaft -- at thy ungentle Race,  
The Shame of Decency, and thy Disgrace:  
At those, whose Lines flow e'er so smooth with Trash,  
Guilty Themselves of all the Crimes they Lash,  
Level at These -- Those Insects of the Sing-  
Eternal Teasers of a Court and King:  
At those four Witlings, who mistake for Satire  
Th' Effect of Weather, Party and ill Nature.

Let me for once assume the Modern Guise,  
And make in dark Initials lawful Prize;  
Prophane the Numbers, like the Wits in Vogue,  
Deal in foul Language, and call Rogue for Rogue;  
Nor yet thro' wantonness of Wit alone  
Ape I mean Railers, and throw Stone for Stone,  
But to expose, as Satire's real Friend,  
How base the Means! how impotent the End!  
How vain th' Attempt to hope a moral Use,  
And gain one Profelyte, by gross abuse.

And first the Bard, most favour'd of each Muse,  
Shou'd I P---'s self here venture to accuse;  
Shou'd I this gross, this shocking Line repeat,  
"Pox'd by her Love and Libel'd by her hate";  
Or yet presume to call it Common Place  
All that is said of Bribery, Courts, his Grace,



Wou'd he refrain from calling Whore and Knave?  
This a great Fool? and that a pension'd Slave?  
Wou'd he for this his darling Slander quit?  
Or pay regard to Beauty, Birth or Wit?  
Or shou'd I tax him with the Venal Stain;  
Praise He, or Censure, say 'tis all for Gain,  
Wou'd he one Copy gen'rous give away?  
Nor keep his various Gillivers in Play,  
T' enhance the Price of every Satire fold,  
And wring from each Competitor more gold?  
Wou'd he if less imperfect in his make  
The lucrative Employ refuse to take?  
Wou'd he be so averse to Courts and Cooks?  
Nor quit for Burgundy his Nurse and Books?  
To Dress and Grandeur wou'd he be a Foe?  
Nor Rival *Prior* in a Plenipo?  
Nor leave like *Juvenal* the Opposition  
For the Attractive of a good Commission?  
But void of Relish for the Joys of Life,  
He well may spurn, Ambition and a Wife.

Point next *P--*'s servile Son--The Man who flings  
His random Bolts, at Courts, Peers, Prelates, Kings;  
Shou'd I say *P--* the social Tie has broke,  
And screens his Falsehood in an impious Joke,

Wou'd  
And fondly glory in the Tool-like Task?



( 6 )  
Wou'd he for this the secret Deed conceal?  
Nor what was told in Confidence reveal?  
Wou'd he betray no more? be less unjust?  
Blush and henceforth be sacred to his Trust?  
Or shou'd I say, he lashes with small Grace  
Members or Ministers, or Lords in Place,  
Who for *Italian* Song shall shake the Rod,  
Yet make it trifling to deny a God;  
Shou'd I say this --- Wou'd *W*--- leave to Rail?  
Or weigh Omnipotence in Reason's Scale?  
Shou'd I his witless Compliment arraign,  
Call it Licentious, Insolent, Prophane,  
To daub the Son to blur the Father's Reign;  
Wou'd he Judge better? or less sawcy grow?  
And to the Throne even common Manners shew?  
Bid him his own sad Character retrieve,  
Wou'd he Instruction from abuse receive?

Say *S*--- as certain as He tunes his Wit,  
Shews you some Cloe p---g, or at *S*---t,  
Wou'd the obscene, the filthy --- phraz'd Divine,  
Yet leave to make you puke at ev'ry Line?  
Nor rake all Foulness in the Power of Words  
As stinking Breath, old Sores and nut-brown ---

Call it in *G* -- r red hot frantick Zeal,  
That stabs instead of Cures the common Weal,  
Wou'd he not still harangue in Patriot mask,  
And fondly glory in the Tool-like Task?

Be



Be rashly Bold ? Intrepid in the Cause?

And stir the City to give Senates Laws?

Shou'd I say *T*-- for a Ven'ron Pye,

Wou'd Sacrifice his darling Liberty ;

Wou'd he the plump delicious Haunch refrain ?

And sink the Epicure to humble *Spain* ?

Or shou'd I add full thrice a Week he's Drunk,

Lolls out his Tongue and all besmears his Punk,

Wou'd he for this forswear old *Shakespear's* Head ?

And reel no more at six a Clock to Bed ?

Wou'd he if I shou'd bid him be sincere ?

And his Friend *M*-- praise without a Sneer ?

Bid him the Dinners he's in Debt repay,

Wou'd he remember the long trusted Day ?

Advise a *M*-- or to quit the Gown,

Or leave off writing Stage Plays for the Town ;

Say that the Stage, as Pulpit, may convey

A useful Moral in their separate Way ;

But from a Poet, howsoever penn'd,

A Sermon loses both it's Force and End :

Say--that the Gospel's injur'd by the Scene ;

Add-- He'll ne'er Rhime himself into a Dean ;

Wou'd it avail ? Wou'd he with me agree ?

Think it nor decent ? nor yet Policy ?

Put-put him under *Æsculapius* Care --

E'en *Æsculapius* self wou'd here dispair ;

Wou'd



Wou'd he not tease with pointless Ridicule?  
 And Fool still laugh at his next Neighbour Fool?  
 Wou'd he resist in Play and Farce to deal?  
 Nor from the *French*? nor from the *Romans* steal?  
 Wou'd he; not ev'ry Year find out the Knack  
 To put his Brain and *Horace* to the Back?  
 Wou'd not his Art poetick still afford  
 An ample Field for Themes, but change one Word?  
 Wou'd he not Thence fresh Titles print away?  
 As th'art of Nonsense: Sameness: Art of Play:  
 Or that of Courting Girls: -- & cetera

Tell *F---* That --- But *F---* is no more ---  
 Betaken now Reports and *Coke* to Pore ---  
 The scurril Jest, all the licentious Rage,  
 Behold! absorpt in the dry cumbrous Page.

Shou'd I good Counsel to a *S---* give,  
 Offer my Purse, and with me let him Live  
 At Bed and Board, supply'd with each support,  
 Wou'd he not think you still belie me for't?

Shall I name *D---* he's not worth impeaching,  
 Yet with him not to Pen more arts of Preaching;  
 Nor print more Satires tho' a *Pope* advise;  
 Satires that are rank Libels in Disguise.

Say



Say - restless gossamer - scheming Brain  
 Has chous'd in two Cardinals of *Justice* and *Scandal*  
 Wou'd he be Idle in *Whitaker's* - He? or lay  
 Nor Practice on her *solace* - intriguing Wile. A  
 Still wou'd not Projects grow'd his fertile Head  
 And Some new Sham succeed the last for Bread?

And Troop remains Your B's - Your R's - your K's  
 True Satirists all - they rail to fill their Bellies. T  
 These I pass o'er - from Nature they've this Plea;  
 Life strives to save itself by every Way;  
 This their sole Aim - but tell 'em where to Dine,  
 Alike's the balmy, or envenom'd Line,

Shall now the Satyrists of a higher Class  
 For their Distinction sake uncensur'd Pass?  
 Not so - The Muse shall still pursue her End,  
 Whether she meets a Lord, a Foe, or Friend;  
 Resume the Argument, proceed to Shew,  
 'Tis not by Railing that we better grow.

Mention'd I C - 's ever fawning Sneer,  
 Wou'd it reform the all deceitful Peer?  
 Speak P - 's Avarice or of Temper speak,  
 Wou'd he be liberal? or in Reasoning meek?  
 Sum, if you can a St. *John's* various Sin,  
 Wou'd the old Traitor a new Life begin?



See breach of Faith—mark'd strong in *W*—'s Face,  
 But who dispairs not he will have more grace?  
 Or say a *Q*— The Man of \* \* \* \*  
 A *L*—*W*, with Supercilious Brow;  
 Say They all heartily despise a Court,  
 Would they not still to *M*—'s House Resort?

—Last say *W*—'d leaving Pride of Birth  
 To some more fond aspiring Son of Earth,  
 Nobly descends to rise a \* \* \* \*  
 And runs at all to pay off Mortgagee,  
 Would he for this, the meanest Arts refrain?  
 Nor longer stop to any Thing for gain?  
 Say he lends Thousands where he'll ne'er be pay'd;  
 Bubbles by turns, and is a Bubble made;  
 Or gives a Hundred in his Wit profound,  
 So, he but nicks you of a single Pound;  
 Shou'd I say this, yet were it not in Vain?  
 Wou'd he be Wiser, Honester, a Grain?  
 Say cruel Nature gives him Itch to Rule,  
 Wou'd he be less the weak and servile Tool?  
 Wou'd he not squander Thousands for a Seat,  
 Tho' I should bid him Pay in lieu some Debt?  
 Say he's delighted with the Patriot's name,  
 Avows the Minister—destroying Scheme;  
 Does what he can the Crisis to Promote;  
 By act opposes if he can't by Note;



Or say the Party Gilt with Solemn Air,  
 Boasts of high Credit with great B--'s Heir;  
 Is hours together with him *Tete à Tete*,  
 And even C-- the while shall wait;  
 Rival'd by none but Capering *De N--ee*,  
 This this a *Paris* and a *Falstaff* he;  
 Or add he hopes to Rival L--  
 At least be Primer to the P--'s Son,  
 Wou'd he give o'er the fruitless idle Aim,  
 On future Changes to retrieve lost Fame?  
 Wou'd the vain Taffier cease his empty Vaunt?  
 Nor leave thin Projects Favorites to Supplant?  
 His high Expectings wou'd they come to Pass?  
 Wou'd you not hail him still the Baffled Ais?

Such modern Satire who can disallow?  
 And such what candid Man of Sence allow?  
 How we mistake; th'abusive we think bold;  
 But who calls Names in Satire is a Scold!  
 If such be Satire, and if such the Use,  
 Call it no longer Satire, but Abuse.  
 Nor with such Ribaldry had I fill'd the Page,  
 But to shew Scandals, not Satirick rage.  
 Scandal is what of all things I detest,  
 And scarce endure an inoffensive Jest.  
 Ingenious general Satire, I can love,  
 While all that's Personal I disapprove.

The



The delicate Reproof: I blushing feel,  
Mend at each Touch of finely pointed Steel;  
But mangled, grow not Juster or more Wise,  
Inur'd to Censure we at last despise.  
Nor yet less fulsome Shocking to good Sense;  
All Panegyric at another's Expence:  
A Cypher G--- his Son the hopes o'th Nation,  
So W---'s and M---'s Dedication.

With modern Readers is the Verse well hit?  
A Page of Scandal is a Page of Wit.  
There are your Fops in Wit politely place  
Satire in well dress'd Numbers Verse in Lace.  
Numbers make Satire, as fine Clothes a Beauty  
Brilliant alike, and less for Use than Shew.  
Yet Scandal's Scandal howsoever dress'd,  
As Folly's Folly in embroider'd Vest.

The art of Satire mark with modern Wits?  
Lo! at his Desk Apollo's Tell Tale fits!  
In common place Book see! a Kitelike string,  
Of Scandal from the Member to the King!  
Collected all with some Expence, some Toil,  
To serve as Dung for the Satiric Soil:  
Some glean'd from Town talk, some again from Print,  
Or from some Abigail's prolific Mint.

With all that's Personal I disapprove.

The



With this provided he invokes the Muse,  
 To enlarge th'unmanly Talent to abuse;  
 So half-bred Villains e'er they rob a Church,  
 Mutter Ejaculations in the Porch.  
 He Next calls thread-bare Epithets to Aid;  
 Cries good M. - 'Twill do. - A milk-sop Son o'th  
 A venal Senate - or the Smug Divine - [Blade -  
 A lazy Prelate - - that's exceeding fine - -  
 A pension'd Tool - or the degenerate Lord;  
 Then floven *H* - - e smart upon my Word.  
 Placemen and Courtiers crowd his first Essay;  
 He reads the Roll - then Rhimes and Prints away;  
 His next - The Characters are still the Same;  
 In Twenty more he varies but in Name.

Who not observes what Barreness of thought!  
 The Scandal known conclude the Satire wrote.  
 Few are th' Ideas and but small the Art  
 Requir'd to play, the pers'nal Satirist Part:  
 Fancy's at Ebb when the licentious Sneer  
 Poorly points out some individual Peer:  
 Who prostitutes the Muse for such low Ends,  
 Reforms not one Offender but Offends;  
 While general Satire asks a larger View,  
 Wars with the whole, and scorns a single You.  
 Thus, wise Cervantes stings, but yet delights;  
 Nor lashes one, but Groupes of gentle Knights.



For nobler Purposes than to defame,  
 He taught his Wit to laugh 'em into Shame.  
 You gain a Convert, as you gain a Prize,  
 In the dexterity amendment lies.  
 Scandal may raise a Smile i'th weaker mind;  
 'Tis scorn'd by all the wiser of Mankind.  
 Scandal and Satire just agree so far:  
 This is a Legal - - that a Civil War.

Yet some will say with rampant stubborn Vice,  
 'Twere doing Nought to handle it too Nice:  
 Not so with *Horace* - - *Juvenal* - - agreed - -  
 But did the sharp invective Verse succeed?  
 Did they one Sinner in their iron Times,  
 With all their Keeness make abhor his Crimes?  
 Ask you the Reason why in every Age  
 Satire with Vice Successless War do's wage?  
 While wanton Satirists, like the Pamper'd Priest,  
 Belie: their Doctrine --- Men will make a Jest.  
 Is aught so difficult to Censure Well?  
 Yet every Mushroom Satirist thinks can tell.  
 In Print, as Company, Reproof's the same;  
 If grossly urg'd, you Shock but not Reclaim.  
 'Tis to be our Superior to find fault;  
 Pride must be sooth'd in order to be taught.

Say  
 Nor lasses one, but Groups of gentle Knights;  
 And yet delights;



Say as to Man, argues it depth of Skill,  
 To make it Sinful to want Wit at will?  
 Must you at once be born mature in Worth,  
 Or be the Subject still of saucy Mirth?  
 Happens a Son unequal to his Sire;  
 Or if another greatly shou'd aspire;  
 Which way you will the Peerage is decry'd;  
 All sunk in Sloth, or Mad with martial Pride.  
 Truth can you hope when Malice the design?  
 See contradiction glaring the in Line:  
 They brand our Youth degenerate from their Sires;  
 Nor spare when noble Emulation fires:  
 Thirst for great Deeds they pay the sought Renown,  
 The generous Ardor with a foul Lampoon  
 Before the Tryal wanton they abuse;  
 Nor give a Genius Priviledge to Chuse.

Yet is't in Nature a just Consequence?  
 Must Sons of Force reach the Sires excellence?  
 Not surely thus - - Nature by all we see,  
 With this Position seems not to agree:  
 Still in Variety she takes delight:  
 The fairest Day oft brings the foulest Night.  
 P - - 's the W - - e of a Yesterday,  
 And wou'd be W - - e still if once in Play.

For



Fortune in such a manner makes Sport;  
The Country I should now, wou'd then be Court;  
Craftsmen and Countrymen wou'd then be Fools;  
And all that now are Fools wou'd then be Fools;  
Dull and Ignorant wou'd then be Wits or Spirits;  
And they that now are Wits or Spirits  
Glory is but a transient thing, a vain thing,  
Like Bubbles that rise and fall in the gradual Change;  
Whilst each of us is in each different Condition,  
All have their share of it, all are in the same Condition;  
Hence shall an Infant State of mighty Rise,  
And fall again to a certain Size;  
Hence all the variety of Birth and Parts,  
Hence all the variety of not acquired by Arts;  
Hence all the variety of Son and Father;  
While the Mechanick's may be fit to Rule,  
Nature's Impartial, say not She's unjust,  
Level the Kings in sense, or raise the Dust,  
Of is it in Nature a just Consequence?

Thus you not reap the individual Grain;  
Some will be better, and some worse again;  
Nor what we are but what we are;  
The only object of Satire wit.  
The fairest Day of brings the foulest Night;  
P. - - - - - of a - - - - -  
And wou'd be W. - - - - - once in Play.  
For  
S I N I F